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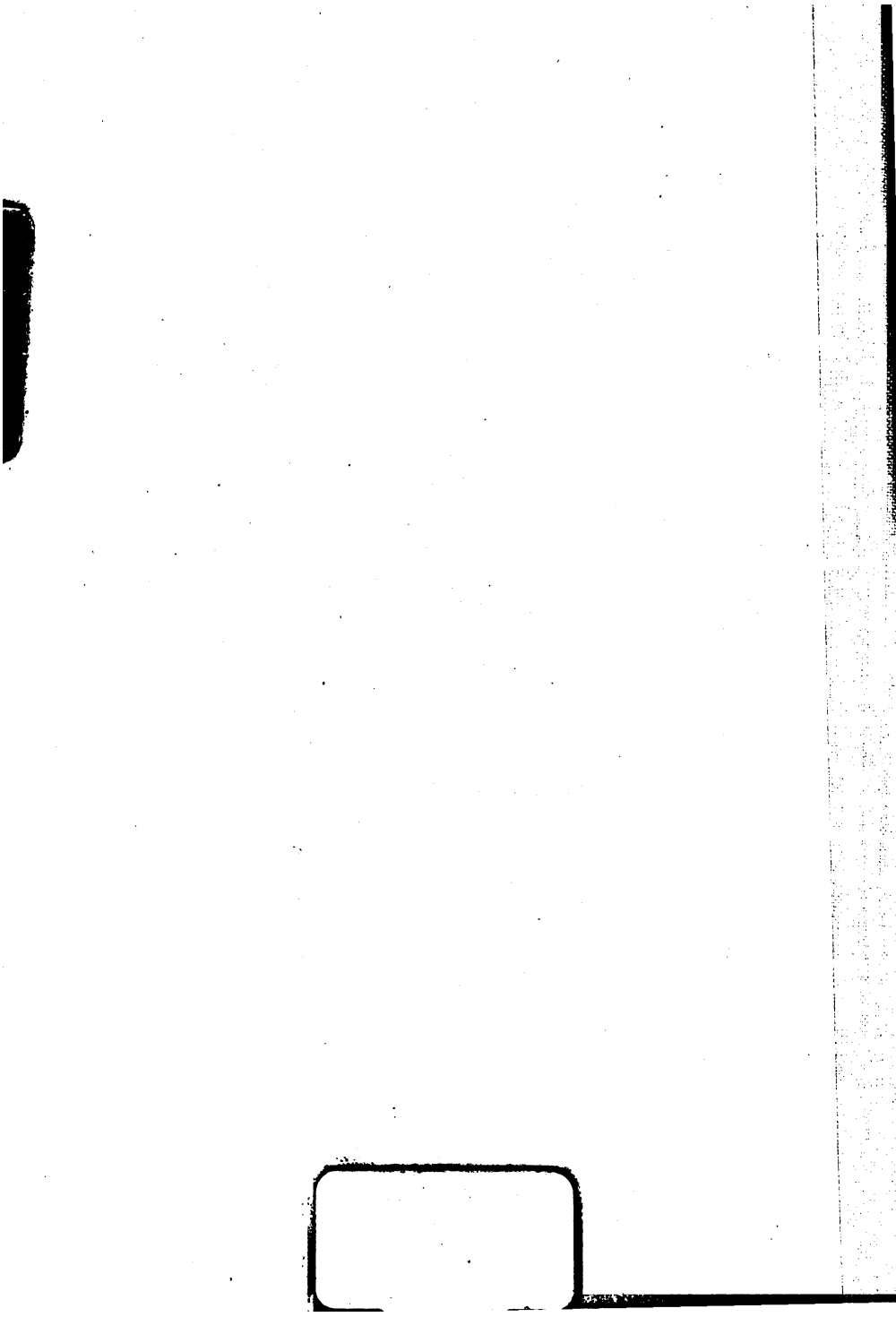

Jones

NBI

THE VOICE IN THE SILENCE

BOOKS BY MR. JONES

The Voice in the Silence

The Rose-Jar

Interludes

From Quiet Valleys

The Path o' Dreams

(with Clinton Scollard)
From the Heart of the Hills

THE VOICE IN THE SILENCE

Thomas S. Jones, Jr.

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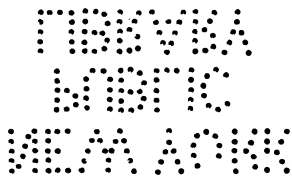

THE VOICE IN THE SILENCE

TO SONG

Here shall remain all tears for lovely things
  And here enshrined the longing of great hearts,
  Caught on a lyre whence waking wonder starts,
To mount afar upon immortal wings;
Here shall be treasured tender wonderings,
  The faintest whisper that the soul imparts,
  All silent secrets in all lonely parts
Where nature murmurs of her hidden springs.

O magic of a song! here loveliness
  May sleep unhindered of life's mortal toll,
    And noble things stand towering o'er the tide;
Here mid the years, untouched by time or stress,
  Shall sweep on every wind that stirs the soul
    The music of a voice that never died!

IN EXCELSIS

Spring!
And all our valleys turning into green
Remembering—
As I remember! So my heart turns glad
For so much youth and joy—this to have had
When in my veins the tide of living fire
Was at its flow;
This, to know,
When now the miracle of young desire
Burns on the hills, and spring's sweet choristers again
Chant from each tree and every bush aflame,
Love's wondrous name:
This under youth's glad reign,
With all the valleys turning into green—
This to have heard and seen!

And Song!
Once to have known what every wakened bird
Has heard:
Once to have entered into that great harmony
Of love's creation, and to feel
The pulsing waves of wonder steal
Through all my being; once to be

In that same sea
Of wakened joy that stirs in every tree
And every bird; and then to sing—
To sing aloud the endless Song of Spring!

Waiting, I turn to Thee
Expectant, humble, and on bended knee;
Youth's radiant fire
Only to burn at Thy unknown desire—
For this alone has Song been granted me.
Upon Thy altar burn me at Thy will;
All wonders fill
My cup, and it is Thine;
Life's precious wine
For this alone: for Thee.
Yet never can be paid
The debt long laid
Upon my heart, because my lips did press
In youth's glad Spring the Cup of Loveliness!

INTIMATIONS

So life goes by, yet leaves this starry gold:
  All things that once were wonderful and true,
Kin to the best and what may not grow old,
  Sifted of dust, disclosed forever new.

Thus in the waste of swiftly passing years
  These wondrous things are proof of what may be,
For even now beyond the gate of tears
  They stand revealed in immortality.

A DEBT

Time has been prodigal of fairy-gold
  Which I have hoarded tenderly away,
  Mayhap to squander in that later day
When Winter has come on and I am old;
But now the Spring has marvels manifold,
  And youth still trembles in its sunlit sway,
  So do I wonder how I shall repay
A debt for all the joy one heart can hold.

I wonder, and the answer comes full clear:
  To keep a heart in joy, to sing again
    When Winter has come on and life is bare;
For you do know the Spring is ever near,
  And haply to some lonely soul in pain
    You may pay back in largess unaware.

OF ONE WHO WALKS ALONE

These are the ways of one who walks alone,
  Sweet silent ways that lead toward twilight skies,
  Bees softly winging where a low wind sighs
Through the hills' hollow cool and clover-blown.

These are the ways that call one back again
  To old forgotten things in faded years,
  Swift on a moment of remembered tears
They stand from out the dust where they have lain.

These are the ways life's simple secrets bless,
  Keen homely scents borne by each haunted wind,—
  Here in the silence one may ever find
That last strange peace whose name is loneliness.

IN MEMORY

There is one cloistered place that still would keep
  A single dream should all the others go,
  For it is ever just the same as though
It rested in God's loving hand asleep.

Its hills are steadfast and its trees are true,
  And all its winds are like the winds of June;
  And life is never old nor out of tune,
And youth is golden as the skies are blue.

O quiet vale asleep beneath God's smile!
  I ever need you for the ways are far,
  And through all things I seem to know you are
A little vision of the after-while.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL

Sometimes a waking dream my life will be
  Too wonderful for words or any song,
  As if the moment time had burst its thong
And passed the verge of immortality;
Sometimes the fates do spin so lavishly
  A web of rarest joy with threads so strong,
  That then I know grief cannot last for long
Since endless beauty is unveiled to me.

What though one stand without the gates of gold,
  Seeing beyond, time is a little thing,
    And in the silence all things may abide;
For Memory her mighty wings will fold
  About each dream with gentle winnowing,
    And they are safe . . . and I am satisfied.

A SYMPHONY

To-day, a symphony!
An ecstasy of sound, a rushing sea
Of tonal wonder through the trees!
Truly are these
The flutes Aeolian,
And Pan
The piper of lost melodies!

Winds all day long,
Sweeping the branches on a thousand strings
Of myriad notes; and tremulous, the song
Of birds in haunting harmony!—
Floods of full sound, piercing and strong,
Yet laden with a tenderness that sings
Into the soul,—an undertone
Poignant as memory:
A sweetness blown
Across discordant years,
Caught from the rhythm of the chanting spheres!

It must be Pan, indeed!
For now the dusk unveils the evening-star,
And as a dream
The winds blend into one exquisite theme,—
Then faint afar
Like the low piping of a shepherd's reed.

THE LAST SPRING

The first glad harbinger of Spring is here
That bears each time one miracle the more,
For in the sunlight is the golden ore,
The joyous promise of a waking year;
And in that promise all clouds disappear
And youth comes back as it was once before,
For only dreams are real in April's store
When buds are bursting and the skies are clear.

Fair Season! through the drifted years you stand
Ever a dream of wonderment the same,
And in your youth each lost and precious thing.
Thus in a mystery I understand
The deepest meaning of your lovely name,—
How it will be in that perpetual Spring!

AS THROUGH A GLASS

A soft thin haze of misty golden-green
  Lies on the valley, tenuous and frail,
Touches the far hills with its sunlit sheen,
  And folds the distance in a filmy veil.

Is there naught else drifted between our eyes
  And endless beauty that can never pale?—
Are these but vistas of some paradise
  Seen through the meshes of a golden veil!

THE QUIET VALLEY

I

Here only dreams will come the live-long day,
  Dreams left behind, but here fulfilled at last;
For in this haven time is put away,
  And, like the clouds, the freighted hours drift past.

Far, far away within the guarding hills
The changing beauty every moment fills,
Here, in the shelter, is the sweet release
Where life drains deeply from the cup of peace.

II

There are no words to keep this golden spell:
  The sunlit slope, the misty trees behind,
The distant valley's undulating swell,—
  And in the boughs the rapture of the wind.

The wind that mingles with the song of birds
In harmonies too exquisite for words,
Then hushes softly to a gentle croon,—
A postlude of the golden afternoon.

III

This is the vale of some lost paradise
  Toward which a weary heart must often yearn,
More beautiful than one can realize,
  Yet ever waiting for the glad return.

Waiting apart for him who seeks to rest
A little while on nature's healing breast,
Giving so much that he must needs believe
Within the stillness angels walk at eve.

IV

The west is liquid in the tawny light,
  The hills are billows of a purple sea,
Low in the west the shadows of the night
  Creep up the sky in waves of mystery.

And now above the fading after-glow
The little moon hangs like a silver bow,
Till it too sinks behind the purple-bar,
Leaving the silence to the evening-star.

ON A FLY-LEAF OF "THE CHOIR INVISIBLE"

To J. L. A.

Forever burns the glory of the Grail,
And still across the years its crimson stain
Shadows the heart of him who seeks in vain
A perfect service that may never fail;
And lest the sacred radiance should pale
It still is served by the unending train
'Of those immortal dead who live again'
And lend new wonder to a time-sweet tale.

So here anew is one who saw the gleam,
And followed blindly on the valiant quest,
Whose windings may seem ofttimes dark and sad;
Yet to our eyes he shows a clearer Dream,
And in his knighthood of divine unrest
Bears on his arm the shield of Galahad!

ON LIONEL JOHNSON'S COPY OF WALTER PATER'S "GASTON DELATOUR"

"Scriptori amico meo da pacem Domine"

Here do I seem to reach you two, indeed,
  Across that dark where only silence falls—
  See through your eyes the distant City Walls,
And know you safe beyond all thought of need;
So near you are, with this white page to lead
  Into the darkness where a still voice calls,
  Voice that you heard from out the gleaming halls,
Song, through all sorrow, God's own golden meed.

Prophet and Poet—you of whitened ways!
  Vanished your presence, yet you give to me
    Promise of life when time and death shall cease:
Sweet ministers throughout my troubled days,
  Proof of my hope, and what at last shall be,—
    White souls, wrapped round in everlasting peace!

SURSUM CORDA

Under a sky of endless blue,
  Rimmed by low clouds in flaming gold,
  Witness the sacrament of old,—
Here is the wonder wrought for you!

Into your love's unending flow
  Pour the spell of this sacred sign:
  It shall become a living wine,
You, a priest of the sunset-glow.

ENDYMION

No elder hour may speak to you and me
  While this sweet moment breathes oblivion,
  For even now the west enfolds the sun
And all the valleys are a flaming sea . . .
A distant flash of wings unfurled and free
  Toward one lone star where clouds their ravels run,
  And through the drifting veil in silver spun
The summer moon's white face of mystery.

But with the moon, old dreams and old-world pain,
  Borne on a surge of memory and time,
    That sweeps away the fading sunset's spell;
And in the pale light something back again,
  Something to wake the blood's swift pulsing rhyme,—
    Immortal Youth amid the asphodel!

AT THE WHITE GATE

To the Memory of Michael Fairless

It is not far, the life of adoration,
  For all about its many symbols lie:
Each dawn has known the mystic elevation,
  And twilight burns pale tapers in the sky.

It is not far, but in each touch of wonder
  That clothes the landscape in a filmy veil,
And in the winds and the deep voice of thunder,
  And on the music of a summer gale.

Yet in the darkness of the silent places
  Is the one door that guards the sacred shrine,—
Around the portal are the angel faces,
  Within, the everlasting Bread and Wine.

EMBER-GLOW

To Roy Rolfe Gilson

A silvered sky swept by the misting rain,
  A maze of tree-tops tossing to and fro;
  But here within, the fading ember-glow
Streaking the shadows with a golden stain.

Outside the storm, but here where discords cease
  In warmth and silence and the fire-light's spell:
  A sheltered space for simple faith to dwell,—
A little haven of eternal peace.

THE SILENCES

I

Not in the stress of noon's unshadowed tide
  But where the dusk is vague with memory,
Down lonely lanes where dreams mayhap abide
  Or far adrift on some unfathomed sea.

There for the moment, we who knew the flame
  Of one sad day beside life's heedless stream
May, through the stillness, almost hear the same
  Soft falling waters on the shores of dream.

II

Did we but always know that this were best:
  These silent trees that guard the sunset's rim,
These old gray hills that once meant only rest
  Nor wavered when our memory grew dim.

Yet now no loveliness may speed in vain,
  No waste of dawn in youth's fast fading year,
Sweet with the tenderness of twilight rain
  And wistful with the songs we did not hear.

LILAC-TIME

III

So still the lilacs hang, so ghostly white
  In the soft washes of the cloud-swept moon,
And all the grass is gray with silver light
  For Spring to say her last farewell to June.

Roses will riot now where all is gray,
  And in the grasses boom the summer bees . . .
But I shall only see the lilacs sway
  And seek their fragrance 'neath my empty trees.

THE WAYS OF SPRING

IV

These paths are sweet with thought of April's green,
  For time may never sweep life's drift away:
  Each rain-blown leaf holds much of yesterday,
Each tree a testament to Spring unseen.

Lanes still the same in April-tide or now,
  White with soft bloom or golden or stript bare,
  Spring ever came to make their branches fair
Nor marked the shadow of an empty bough.

EBB-TIDE

V

The far soft reaches of the purple hills,
  The flame of gold and red, the haze-swept sky,
The hush of simple hours the silence fills,—
  These sad and lovely things as shore-drift lie.

Sweet wreckage of a swiftly ebbing year,
  Hidden in flood-depths and undreamed before,
Yet now left lying and unladen here,—
  Sea-drift and star-drift on a wind-washed shore.

STILL-WATERS

VI

While peace withholds the sands of waning day,
And ere the sunlight into dusk has grown,
Here may I too forget and steal away
By paths untrodden and on shores unknown.

And mid the shadows, in some wood of dream,
Drink from that cup untouched by joy or tears,
Cool with the waters of a twilit stream
Whose well-springs are the calm of all the years.

THE ROAD

The long, long lane,
The straight and narrow road,
And these gray walls that never end.—
And yet a bird may sing and branches bend
In the soft hush of rain.

Gray walls and low-blown dust,
Yet overhead each Spring white boughs in bloom.
Heart, heart we must
Look skyward for the end is not in vain;—
Now empty gloom,
But then, mayhap, wide pastures after rain.

And even now
Along this lonely road
A bird calls bravely from a wind-swept bough.

FORGOTTEN

All day the branches are so softly stirred,
  And ever comes a song the wind has made;
  The sunlight mingles with the drowsy shade,
Deep in the wood a lonely thrush is heard.

Quiet and peace across the sleeping vale
  That was forgot so many years ago;
  Now through the pathways tall rank grasses grow,
Tossing unhindered in the gentle gale.

For they who used to walk these lovely ways
  Long since departed nor will come again—
  Never a footstep in the scented lane
That once had known such happy yesterdays.

And where the path was then so red with bloom
  Only the creeping brier its tangle shows;
  Save in the last still watches, one lone rose
Sends through the ghostly dusk a faint perfume.

And they who rest and long have found surcease
  Upon the little hill girt round with trees,
  Are silent through the seasons' mysteries,
Deep in the slumber of their simple peace.

Dear lonely place, you mean so much to me
  For I have known as you the joy of Spring,
  And somehow in your sweet remembering
You touch the very soul of memory.

CANDLE-LIGHT

As in old days of mellow candle-light,
A little flame of gold beside the pane
Where icy branches blowing in the rain
Seem spectre fingers of a ghostly night;
Yet on the hearth the fire is warm and bright,
The homely kettle steams a soft refrain,
And to one's mind old things rush back again,
Sweet tender things still young in death's despite.

So, when the winter blasts across life's sea
Do beat about my door and shake the walls
Until the house must sink upon the sand,
Then on some magic wind of memory,
Borne swiftly to my heart a whisper falls,—
And on my arm the pressure of your hand!

THE CUP

Upon the threshold of the silent year
  I stand in wonder and with longings stilled;
  For of life's mystic wine my cup is filled,
And I have looked beyond the face of fear.

I stand in wonder, and my lips are dumb—
  But in my heart the tide of youth's desire
  Burns as one flame of sacramental fire
For all the years have brought, and all to come.

Because, at last, I drink the draught divine
  That holds within the secret of the years,
  The miracle of joy, the awe of tears—
Once has been poured for me the Living Wine.

AT THE ROAD'S END

There comes no fear of that dim silent night
  When I shall sleep beyond the call of day,
  When all shall cease and softly slip away
With the dark curtain drawn across my sight;
For in the instant I shall know aright
  And that which was and is at last survey,
  Clear as a crystal of the wide sea spray
And swept of clouds in one vast burning light.

No fear, and yet my heart was wont to care
  For Spring and Summer and the maze of Fall,
    And every wind that waveringly blew;
And though no doubt will come when I shall fare,
  'Twere hard to leave so much that held me thrall,—
    And oh, the loneliness apart from you!

SAPPHICS

To C. S.

Sing the song of youth in its golden season,
Youth, glad youth, more dear than the ages' treasure!
Still as then across the far fields of twilight
Your voice is singing.

Hushed with wonder e'en as the low sky's flaming,
Hushed in longing, fraught as the winds of twilight;
Youth, dear youth, so ever your sweet voice singing,
One with the wind's song.

What are years that go as a moment's fleeting,
Years forgot and lost in the dust of silence;
Still as then across the far fields of Lesbos
Your voice at even!

ONLY

Spring will come and go in a maze of wonder,
Skies unfurled again to the lilac weather,
Burdened branches and always a light wind blowing
Just as it used to.

Only you, the secret to me of Springtime,
All its sweetness, all of its poignant beauty . . .
Only you may never come back, and only
I shall remember.

AT THE WINDS' CALL

There are winds that surge as the wash of waters,
Strong and full and deep as a storm at flood-time,
Winds that call until in my soul's far reaches
Wakens an answer:

Wild as winds or ever the waste sea's longing,
Wild and lonely, stirred from the depths of hunger.
Lonely winds, more vast are the empty spaces
Deep in my being.

When, at last, shall come the long-wearied silence—
Peace, gray peace, or merely the end of dreaming;
Yet the winds have called, and my heart's old longing
Cries through the darkness!

TO A HILL-TOWN

This to you across the swift years that gather,
This to give for ways that were filled with gladness,
Ways hill-girt and under the Spring's first sunrise—
Paths that were golden.

Here they lie in memory's early keeping,
Wind-swept hills dim-misted with purple vapor—
One lone hill and three lonely pine-trees tossing
Black on the sky-line.

For these most—yet dusk on the lake's still edges,
Dusk and moonlight sweeping a wash of silver,
Chime of bells and softly an organ's throbbing . . .
Music and moonlight.

And for them, long gone from the hills of morning,
Song and laughter, voices that faintly echo . . .
All to you, who made as a dream of beauty
Youth's little Springtime!

ELEGY

Here shall rest unmoved through the waning seasons
One who knew and dreamed, and forgot in dreaming;
Now alone the trees, who remembered always,
Are his companions.

They to whom he came for their silent healing,
They who ever gave of their ancient patience;
Now alone with them and the night-wind's crooning
Leave him forgotten.

THE GIFTS OF PEACE

All day long the wind in the bending branches
Softly croons a chant for the silent sleepers,
Through the hours the birds in unceasing rapture
Echo the wind-song.

Tossing branches caught by the spars of sun-glow,
Framing bits of blue with their leafy meshes,
And upon the winds from the pine-tree's censer
Attars unloosened.

Far away the valley lies in a day-dream,
Warm and golden, swept by the clouds' swift shadows,
While the grasses like distant ocean billows
Drift in the sunshine.

Here is peace and loveliness ever mingled:
Organ music of winds and birds and branches,
And a brooding Presence that makes each moment
A benediction.

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If at the end you still should stand in Spring
With perfect youth above the surging years,
Still in your eyes unfaded wondering,
Still in your heart the essence of all tears;

Then might it seem that life had stripped away
From its hid semblance the last fleeting veil,
And I should know the dream of youth's decay
As one who looks upon the Holy Grail.

The Poetry of Thomas S. Jones, Jr.

LATEST VOLUME

THE VOICE IN THE SILENCE $1.00

The Voice in the Silence, by Thomas S. Jones, Jr., shares with Josephine Preston Peabody's *The Singing Man* the honor of including the most beautiful American poetry of the season. Few men in America today have the art of capturing the more elusive aspects of beauty. Mr. Jones is one of these. His sonnet "To Song" will find its way into the most eclectic of anthologies.

—Edward J. O'Brien in *The Four Seas,* Boston.

The gentler essence of beauty is expressed by few in America today so quietly and reverently as in the poetry of Mr. Jones. Assuming the cloak of a genuine and often a little inscrutable delight in the soft-flowing currents of life, he takes for his use a symbol that works backward and forward alike to the past and to the future, and by showing that symbol poised in a beautiful moment triumphantly for all his gentleness asserts the immortality for which it stands.

Always the symbol in its passiveness is gentle, but the fleeting experience that it holds, if we watch for it, is for the most part sure to sum up in the medium of the artist that very prescience of vision which stamps a poet in his intuitive moments of creation so rarely and so wonderfully.

When the enlarged edition of *The Rose-Jar* appeared two years ago, the essence of Mr. Jones' feeling was made fully manifest, and the volume compelled on the part of the reader an attitude of happy sympathy which revealed a wholly simple vision clothed in simple art. As we left its pages, we looked to the future in wonder and awaited the pleasure of a beautiful unfolding. —*Boston Transcript.*

Mr. Jones sees beauty and it captures him. To realize the vision is given to few, though many follow the quest, and that is why one hails with ready ardor Mr. Jones and two or three others like him as true seers. To them, since their hearts have been pure, life holds promise that is reflected from what has gone before. Memory becomes prophecy under the light of beauty, and voices its message insistently in an undercurrent of suggestion. These poets are not professed teachers. They do not penetrate slowly to the core; they are at the core and radiate outward. Beauty speaks through them; they have no need to apostrophise her. When beauty burns in them as well their identification is complete, and they are with the Grail. To such, and they are few, the pageant of nature is only a background for the tabernacle of their own souls. Witness "The Pines," which was written by Mr. Jones in no mood of detachment . . . In him, vision reflects beauty, and this reflected beauty is phrased consummately in shy, reticent numbers, which sing themselves in the soul as well as in the mind.

—*Boston Transcript.*

Mr. Jones has unmistakably the Swinburnian gift of melodious tones in his verse. The overtones of haunting melodies run through all that he does, taking their hold in the fascinated ear, no matter whether the thought sinks deep in the mind or not.

—(*The Listener*)—*Boston Transcript.*

The poetry of Mr. Jones is sometimes verse of eloquent individuality.
—*Boston Advertiser.*

THE ROSE-JAR—Second Edition

This enlarged second edition of an earlier collection of Mr. Jones' verse is full of a very real charm which no true lover of poetry can fail to catch, but so elusive as to defy all expression in words. Mr. Jones is one of our younger poets and one already of a real fruition. His song has all the simplicity of expression of some of the sweetest of the Elizabethan lyrics and a subtle, haunting music of its own,—a music that continues to sound sweetly and faintly in memory after the book has been laid aside. It often reminds one of the work of Richard LeGallienne; Mr. Jones has the same wonderful gift of catching and expressing in song the fleeting and intangible moods that are so vital a part of our emotional life and yet so seldom expressed. He sings of love and youth and spring and the aspects of a serene Nature among the hills. His work is sheer poetry of a very beautiful sort.
—R. T. Pearl in *The Four Seas,* Boston.

His verses have a charm all their own. His style has all the character of graceful simplicity and unlabored expression. Well-poised, with a commendable feeling of restraint, he writes in many forms, always with rhythmic fluency and with fine melodic flow.
—*Commercial Tribune,* Cincinnati.

AVE ATQUE VALE—In Memoriam Arthur Upson

They who are familiar with a certain exalted sweetness that marked Arthur Upson's lyrics will welcome two small collections of sonnets by Thomas S. Jones, Jr. These are "Ave atque Vale," in memory of Arthur Upson, and a second little book of fugitive sonnets. . . . The quality of these sonnets is like the ember of Nature's flame rather than the burnt offering of Passion, an undertone too strong for mere pathos and too selfless for mere resignation—a breath of wistful beauty.
—*The Baltimore News.*

INTERLUDES

Although Mr. Jones' latest collection is contained within the twenty-four pages of a little paper-covered pamphlet, it need not be neglected because of its slightness or brevity. For, unlike many who aspire to fame as poets, Mr. Jones has a discreet sense of reticence that gives his accomplishment a more definite purpose and a more permanent value. He is not lavish of his gifts, and we doubt not that his tendency towards self-criticism has kept in his portfolio many a hidden poem that might well be disclosed. So carefully is the present series of eighteen poems selected that they will stand the severest test, and, best of all, it is their simplicity that rings most truly. . . . —*Boston Transcript.*

Those who read and enjoyed Mr. Jones' charming little volume of verse, entitled *From Quiet Valleys,* which was reviewed in the December *Arena,* will welcome this little collection of sonnets and lyrics. Most of the poems are pitched in a minor key, but all reveal an intimate spiritual insight and understanding, and the same love of nature in her various moods which marked the former work. —*The Arena,* Boston.

FROM QUIET VALLEYS

In the Sahara-like waste of modern verse, it is a real delight to come across a volume containing real poetry. We have some excellent rhymsters and many writers who seem to imagine that poetry calls for neither imagination, rhythm, nor reason; but few present-day verse-makers in America are entitled to be called poets. In "From Quiet Valleys" Mr. Thomas S. Jones, Jr., has given us some genuine poetry. —*The Arena,* Boston.

. . . Mr. Jones has read his Keats with devout heart, and this devotion colors much of his poetry, especially the sonnets. I have seen few modern singers come so close to the witchery of the immortal odes as Mr. Jones does in "Romance." . . . —*Pittsburg Gazette-Times.*

. . . Here is another volume, bearing the title "From Quiet Valleys," and written by Mr. Thomas S. Jones, Jr. This "Nocturne" exemplifies the author's quiet and graceful manner . . . Mr. Jones is a poet of nature, and has felt the soothing ministries of woods and fields and skies. His verse, moreover, is freighted with enough of imagination to be truly significant of the life of the spirit. —*The Dial,* Chicago.

Mr. Thomas S. Jones, Jr., who has already come before the public in the role of a poet through his "The Path o' Dreams" and "The Rose-Jar," once more speaks to the world in "From Quiet Valleys." In this attractive collection Mr. Jones has not only maintained the high poetic standard established in his other works, but has entered upon broader fields. . . . Mr. Jones is a young man with remarkable gifts, and his writings show a maturity of thought and artistic observance that augur brightly for the future. —*Boston Post.*

A book of poems, "From Quiet Valleys," by Thomas S. Jones, Jr., is before us. If memory serves us properly, this is Mr. Jones' third publication of verses, two other volumes, called "The Path o' Dreams" and "The Rose-Jar," being the first to call attention to young Mr. Jones' genius. . . . "From Quiet Valleys" shows a decided advance in the poet's art. His forms are more varied—he writes in every acceptable form, with a favor to the sonnet—his thought is more mature, his vision broader. . . . A few numbers from his earlier works are reproduced, thus enabling one to judge the poet's scope and splendid, healthy growth. "From Quiet Valleys" is worth while—for Mr. Jones and those who love the best of the better poetry. —*Boston Traveler.*

THE ROSE-JAR

Verse much more than respectable in quality, and charming because of its unpretentiousness, is to be found in "The Rose-Jar" by Thomas S. Jones, Jr. Ballades, triolets, rondeaux, we find here, and many a sonnet. His singing is not artificial in spirit. Indeed, it is marked by a natural simplicity that is not at all forced on the one hand, or approximate to crude *gaucherie* on the other. In the development of the minor strain he is almost faultless. His sense of proportion is good, and his work betrays no strain, no pose. The limpidity of his utterance is a great charm. His impressions are distinctly conveyed, and never with a forcing of the key. The sincerity of his work is a strong impression that it gives forth. It is innocent of any conscious precosity, and it is void of the usual neologies and the efforts at rococo locutions that trip the feet of so many of the minor bards who would mount Parnassus. His book

has been read with genuine pleasure by his reviewer. It is good, and clean, and honest, and it has a delightful naturalness.

—*The Mirror,* St. Louis.

In his second book of poems, "The Rose-Jar," which has just been issued from the press of George William Browning at Clinton, N.Y., Mr. Thomas S. Jones, Jr., more than fulfils the promise of his earlier volume, issued by Badger two years ago. . . .

It is not easy to account for the subtle allurement of these verses—so delicate and so unmistakably poetic. Here is a lyric that reveals Mr. Jones' power—unusual in a young man of twenty-three—from whom great things are to be expected: ("In the Fall o' Year" quoted.) . . .

—*The New York Evening Telegram.*

A volume of lyrics and sonnets by Thomas S. Jones, Jr., under the title of "The Rose-Jar," is worth the attention of those who love lyric poetry. . . . Whether the poems are grave or gay, they ring true and are well worth reading.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

THE PATH O' DREAMS

A charming little book of lyrical poetry is "The Path o' Dreams," by T. S. Jones, Jr. So few are the pages, so brief the poems, that, opening the little volume to read "The Piper" on the first page, or the "Good Night" on the last, one will read all between just to see if there is any bit of beauty, in thought or expression, overlooked in the previous perusals. Not often does one come upon any little book with so much of clear gold and so little of turbid alloy. It is not easy to choose the one number which can represent this young singer of promise. . . .

—*Kansas City Star.*

Even nowadays, when few desire to turn aside from the maddening crowd and think for a little hour, a young man's first book of poems is a thing notable and rich in potentiality. Out of periods like ours, vari-colored, surging, openly dedicated to the material, and frankly contemptuous and skeptical of spiritual some of the world's rarest poets have grown. . . . . "The Path o' Dreams" is the title of a thin, wide-margined volume containing a score and half-a-score of quiet, unheralded, but withal precious little poems—a little book to be valued for the sake of the knowledge that some minds still seek refuge from the turmoil, and because the verses themselves are simple and sincere.

The poet is Thomas S. Jones, Jr., and sometimes his thought lies in a quatrain, sometimes in two or three stanzas with a form gracefully their own, but never does it couch in intricate lines or metres, nor does any poem attain the length of a page. While the virile quality that makes itself known in the work of another new poet attracting much attention, A. E. Housman, is as yet not apparent to the same degree in the verse before us, the grace of repose, the poet's necessary and undefinable sadness and the sense of color in words are all present, and there is often an exquisite if unobtrusive art form. A poet may speak once, and then remain silent. Again his speech is that of one who must cry in the wilderness. Time will decide whether Mr. Jones has more to say. In waiting, let us be glad of verses such as these.

—*Chicago Evening Post.*

George William Browning,
Publisher,
Clinton, New York.

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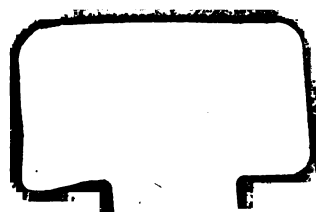
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